

Lost Logs

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Lost Logs

by [Hellenite](#)

Summary

Misplaced scenes and little tidbits and small peaks back into the universe of Event Horizons. From everything to before Ad Astra, and beyond De Terra, this is like a messy anthology following our two starblazers.

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Chapters will be non-chronological (not in any particular order), and will have context in the summaries as well as TWs! Will update whenever I get yote back out into space and have the need to wax poetical about nebulas and solar flares.

Room to grow

Chapter Summary

Set after De Terra, about moving into new houses and new definitions of yourself. (it would be beneficial to have read De Terra but it is not necessary)

Chapter Notes

Hey buckaroos, long time no see. Today, as of posting, is December 2nd! AKA the day I uploaded the last chapter to Ad Astra a year ago. So much has happened since then, I've grown a lot /pos and it's honestly been really nice, and it's kinda crazy that it's been a year now that Ad Astra's been done.

Well anyway, to celebrate my dearest creation's completion day, have the return of the space blorbos

I hope you enjoy!

TW// identity crisis but /pos

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Their house gets finished right at the start of fall, few months after they got married for the second- *er*, third time maybe?

Honestly Ranboo can't ever keep it straight and doesn't know what *technically* counts or not, because the first time around Tubbo didn't even *know*, and then they were only *legally* married under Ender law anyway, which more or *less* means Imperial law, but they hadn't filed any documents or forms so as far as the Empire was concerned, it was more of a common law marriage and not something super official and also completely ignored Mellifera customs *entirely which-*

...

You get his point.

Anyway so they get married for the whatever-ith time again and move into their house as soon as they can. Tubbo tries to carry him over the threshold that first night, which goes fine until they realize Ranboo's too long to fit through the doorway like that. The next however so many minutes are spent arguing and giggling as they try and pivot some way that works,

Tubbo joking he's worse than the couch, and petty bitch that he is, Ranboo swings his weight forwards and takes them both to the ground in a sprawling mess of limbs.

Literally nothing gets accomplished that night, most they do is get the hammock strung up, *beautiful patchwork of colorful fabrics big fluffy pompoms at the ends one of the nonnas gave it as a wedding gift benvenuto a domum hijo*, and even that devolves into throwing wadded up paper balls at each other. Ranboo does wonder if maybe they're both a little too young to have a house of their own, skids fast around a corner with Tubbo hot on his heels and figures given the line of work they do, *the danger they willingly put themselves in*, owning a building is the least concerning thing they've ever done.

Though Tubbo does tackle him around the waist at one point, screams like a desert strider in victory and they end up breaking a lamp on the way down.

Thankfully the entire family comes by the next day to help them move what's left and finally start unpacking, and when Ranboo says the entire family, *he means like over forty people maybe more Ancients where do they keep coming from*, and it is unmitigated chaos for the next eight hours.

Children do cartwheels down the hall and zoom through the empty rooms, aunts fussing at them as they buzz past, cluck their tongues and go back to refolding clothes which *Ranboo* thought were perfectly fine but are, *apparently*, not. There's an entire cluster of uncles in the kitchen that've been vehemently arguing over installing appliances for the better part of two hours, each one of them insists they know more than the others, the manuals have somehow all been lost and no one else can get a word in edgewise.

Someone will set one piece of decor down on a shelf, nod in approval and walk off, and then someone else will come up behind them and move it, a bizarre, passive aggressive game of musical chairs that has no winners, and it gets to the point where Ranboo has *no idea* where anything has gone, and *that's* saying something.

Tubbo gets stuck between his mother tugging him aside to coo over old photos and trying to stop Uncle Osmo from redoing the water hookups for the sink, a never ending litany of *yes ama that is very cute* and *tio sisto per quateso it's fine*, and then Ranboo mostly spends the day pulling Heli off the rafters and ducking over enthusiastic *congratulations* that involve a lot of touching he's still trying to get used to.

It's after dark before they finally manage to get them all out, and Tubbo slams the door as kindly as possible on a few last minute pieces of housekeeping advice, trips over to their couch and falls face first onto it, screaming impassionedly into the cushions. Ranboo flops down after him, equally winded from the day's activities, pats him on the head and rolls his eyes when Tubbo twists to mumble, "*M'hate'em.*"

"No you don't." Ranboo tells him, shifts to carding his claws through messy chestnut waves, fingers finding and gently fiddling with Tubbo's braid, and Tubbo sighs, goes boneless under his touch as he huffs, "No, no I don't...they're loud s'all *fuck* though."

"They sure are." Ranboo agrees easy, would've been terrified to say something like that months ago, would've worried Tubbo'd take it the wrong way, *that he'd think you meant it*

bad meant it like an insult, but now he knows better, grins at the breathy snort he hears while brushing through soft curls.

They sit like that for a minute, Ranboo absentmindedly playing with Tubbo's hair while he looks around the living room, everything put away or set out, *no more moving boxes no more going no more anywhere else*, and it still hasn't really sunk in this is his, *that it's theirs*. He smiles a little at the off white plaster walls he helped smooth out, hexagon windows with the curtains Tia Rosaella made herself, all the mismatched but homey furniture the family piecemealed for them out of spares and hand-me-downs.

Mine, Ranboo thinks with a warm streak of pride, can't even be dampened by that snide, shitty little voice that snips over his shoulder, *what's there to be proud of in hand-me-downs and castoffs happy over things nobody else wants rejects and failures and forgotten things so I guess it's just perfect for you then*, and you know what?

Yeah, *yeah it is perfect for him*, because no, nothing in this house is really new or shiny or works super great, but it all came from people that care about him, *that welcomed him into their family with open arms no daggers no poisons only real smiles and warm hearts*, and that's worth more than anything he's ever had before.

Ranboo tips his head onto the back of the couch with a happy hum, practically melting into squishy cushions as he slips his eyes shut, just enjoying the peace and utter contentment of petting through his cariad's hair on *their couch in their home*. A happy trill bubbles up from somewhere under his sternum at the thought, and he feels Tubbo shift again, can hear the smile in his voice as he asks, "What?"

"Oh, nothing, I just..." Ranboo laughs lightly, and for some reason, can't stop smiling, thinks there's got to be light shining out between the gaps in his fangs for how happy he is, "We just...*we have a house*."

"Uh huh. Very perceptive tonight." Tubbo drawls long and sweet, shifting so his head is more squarely in Ranboo's lap, and Ranboo looks down at him then, at those dark *dark* eyes he loves so much, that cheeky grin *those dimples*, cups his scarred cheek and runs a thumb under his eye, whispering, "Y-You built me *a house*."

Tubbo's entire face softens, one of his hands coming to rest overtop Ranboo's, the rest all finding places to settle warm and blazing against the skin of his arm. "I did." He murmurs like it's the most important thing he's ever done, laces their fingers together with a gentle squeeze, "I promised you I would, stelle. You know I'd do anything for you."

"And I'd do anything for you, heulwen." Ranboo bundles him closer in a really terrible version of a hug, and Tubbo giggles all scrunched up and heartrending, crowing softly, "Saaaaap! *Sap alert!* We got a *gross sappy man* over here!"

And they tease each other like that all the time, *playful ribbing goofy insults always said with big smiles and sweet looks*, but there's something about that last one that's not...*sitting right with Ranboo*. He can't quite put his finger on it, isn't upset about the *gross* comment because after a long day of moving, they both are to an extent, and he more than readily owns that

he's a self-proclaimed sap so it's not that, and then...and then he *is* a man so it wouldn't be that, right?

Unpleasant jolt straight through the heart what the hell was that don't know but something feels wrong feels off haven't felt that in a while haven't felt uncomfortable nervous anxious what is that why is that don't know...don't know...

Ugh, he's probably just tired, finding issue where there isn't one, and the two of them continue to poke and giggle at one another until Ranboo is sliding off the couch and Tubbo is more or less completely asleep. The only reason they get up and drag their asses to bed is because Tubbo ends up rolling off the couch, startling them both awake with all the noise he makes, and they shuffle bleary eyed down the hall, grumbling incoherently.

Ranboo collapses back into the hammock and sets the whole thing swaying like crazy, mind still half awake and fidgeting, unhappily picking at this ball of snarled up discomfort that grates against him like fine particles of black sand. *Leave it s'time to sleep just leave it alone*, he huffs at it, tucks himself against Tubbo's back and squashes his cheek against his head, pushes the whole squirming mass of uncomfortable disquiet into an empty room and shuts the door, figures it'll be gone in the morning.

It's not.

It's not and it's still there a day later, two days, *three four an entire week*, and Ranboo would swear he's losing his mind if he didn't already know what that felt like, but this is close to that feeling, *it is very close*. Because almost every waking hour is spent agonizing over that innocent joke, turning it back over and replying it again and again *and again*, trying to figure out anything else it *could be*, but it gets to the point where he has to acknowledge what's really bothering him about it.

Man, it's the part where Tubbo called him *a man*, and Ranboo freezes in the middle of picking squash, basket forgotten against his hip and claws pricking at the vibrant yellow flesh, for the life of him, *can't figure out why that'd be*.

He's a guy. He's always been a guy *dude boy man whatever*, hasn't ever had any super strong discomfort around the thought before, but then again, he didn't have any idea what it was like to be comfortable with himself *at all* until recently and now it's suddenly bothering him.

Just a little bit.

It's weird.

Apian is a gendered language unlike Enderian or Standard, which really just has a few gendered words and then pronouns, so it's kinda odd, having it in his face all the time. Any adjective that's ascribed to Ranboo comes with an 'o' and the connotation that it's there because he's *a man*, and he...*doesn't hate it necessarily*, it just makes his skin prickle weird, but it's better than the alternative feminine version of things which- *just- no*.

Ranboo has the briefest flicker once of, *well maybe you'd like it better if Cissan called you dulcita-* before it is violently ejected from his brain, body physically recoiling at the thought.

Which is *absolutely baffling* when he thinks about it, because he doesn't hate feminine things, actually likes and does a lot of things that are considered '*traditionally feminine*' both here and back on Annwyl.

But it's just...*the associated words*, they seem wrong, don't feel like they fit, *like it's not him*, and that's great that's fine *that's perfect*, everyone already uses the masculine words with him anyway and nothing needs to change about that and *why does it still feel like something's missing*.

"What has gotten *into you*." Ranboo mutters under his breath, palms running over the material of his skirt, fingers tracing along the thick lines of embroidery, book laying forgotten to the side where he's sitting under the massive tree that grows over their house. *Why does it matter anyway what you like to wear what you like to do*, Ranboo thinks, thumbing at a russet colored hexagon, *you like what you like it doesn't change anything it's not a big deal*, and maybe it wouldn't be a big deal if it was just about hobbies or interests, but it's not.

He swallows rough and fists his hands in the soft material over his lap, because it's not just about how he likes to wear skirts and dresses sometimes. This has *nothing* to do with him learning to cook or sew or tend gardens, it's not about his skill with a blaster and how good he is at repairing broken things, nor how he keeps his hair long like the women of his planet do.

It's about the way he's coming to understand *himself*, how others see him, how he *sees himself who he feels like he is*, and it's an unsettling thing to realize something's changed, like what *was* and what *is* no longer match up right in his mind.

He has *never* in his twenty two years of existence felt like this, or maybe he has and it just got buried under a shit ton of *everything else*, under self-loathing that was attributed to a hundred other things and not how a few little words made him feel slightly sideways, but either way, Ranboo feels like he's losing it.

This is *nothing* like he thought it was supposed to be, and he's still not convinced anything is actually *wrong different not how it's supposed to be*, because it's subtle. *It is such a subtle discomfort* that Ranboo's not even really sure anything is there, always figured it was glaringly obvious when you were born one way but felt like another.

Like- *oh I was a boy but I'm actually a girl*, or, *I used to be a woman and now I'm a man*, and even, *actually I don't really feel like either*.

A lightning strike of realization.

But this isn't like any of that. It's squiggly and it's odd and it squirms around in his gut anytime someone tells him *you're such a polite boy*, or calls him a, *kindhearted young man*, and *that's not right that's not right that's wrong*, but then Tubbo sings *marosito* at him and everything smooths back out.

Which is why he feels like he's losing it, because when Ranboo really lets himself think about it, he really doesn't mind all those descriptive words that end in 'o' as they are, but it's when people tack on *boy* or *man* that it feels like his insides are boiling away into nothing.

And *that doesn't make any sense*, how is he okay with masculine based adjectives but not the fucking nouns that refer to *masculine gender*, and Ranboo *knows* gender is such a subjective thing and there is so much in the wider universe and it means different things to different people, *but this is about him*.

This is about him and how he doesn't really like thinking about how he's a boy anymore, and when the *hell* did that happen. Isn't this something you're supposed to figure out or realize when you're younger, when you're going through that rough bumpy part of adolescence, *and not at twenty two when you're married and have a house and have never really questioned before*.

Maybe Ranboo's making the whole thing up.

Maybe his mind is just so used to inner turmoil it's making things up now that he's found a *shred* of peace, fabricating problems for him to stress out over and think himself in circles, so addicted to conflict he's gaslighting himself *broken thing nothing right about you mind cracked in two in ten in a thousand why would you ever think it'd work right don't you know who you are don't you know that you're-*

Right...o-or maybe *it's right*.

Maybe Ranboo *isn't* making the whole thing up, *maybe this is real*.

Because for such a long time, there was this terrible sandstorm howling in his mind and the only thing that mattered was keeping his head above the inky tides, *couldn't think couldn't see couldn't breathe*, but it's settled now, *it's calming down it's letting up*, and Ranboo thinks he can finally see some things he hadn't been able to before.

"H-Hey have uh- h-have you ever thought about um, gender? Much? *Like your gender.*"
Ranboo forces out, words getting caught around where his heart is lodged in his throat, and his hands shake as they flip a page in Cissan's old cookbook, text pulsing off the paper a little bit, *Ancients get a grip-*

Tubbo hums noncommittally behind him, "Hmmm, not really, m'kinda boring...*ha!* Actually there was this one time, when I was a kid, where my cousin came out as trans, and I'm an *idiot*, so I thought like. *That's what you did*. Like everyone had to do that. So I made sure I 'came out' to my parents as a boy."

He's snickering quietly at the memory, shuffling slide of books and diagrams, soft tick of a pen tapping against the wood of their table that crashes in Ranboo's mind like a demonic metronome, amplified and beating out of time just like his jackhammering heart and he suddenly can't breathe-

Bad idea this was a bad idea why did you bring it up I don't know it seemed like a good idea well it wasn't well we can't take it back now, Ranboo agonizes, tries to focus his entire attention on the stew he's supposed to be making, hopes Tubbo gets caught up in what he's talking about and they *can move on not ready never ready shouldn't have brought it up all in your head don't make it real made it all up SHUT UP-*

“They were both trying *so hard* to be supportive and not laugh, which, appreciate the sentiment but it *was* funny as fuck. Queens help them...I was such an *impossible* child to raise...” Tubbo snorts, voice trailing off as his pen starts scratching lightning quick across one of his papers, clearly getting distracted by what he’s working on, and Ranboo slumps over relieved.

Thank the Ancients don’t you ever bring that up again don’t you...kinda need to bring it up again, but he doesn’t because it’s *not real* and he’s just *being crazy*, *no you’re not things change you know that you know you have*, yeah but not like this, he would’ve *known* before if it was something like this, *not necessarily there was so much going on had to keep your head above ground had to survive but it’s different now you can be yourself now.*

And...what exactly does *that* mean.

Because Ranboo thought he knew, had it all set in his head that he was the unwanted prince and a boy that grew into a man and someone that just desperately wanted the simple things in life, but he’s only one of those things now, and his hands shake so bad where he’s cutting garlic that he has to set the knife down, stands there fingers splayed out against the countertop *and doesn’t know what he’s doing nothing there making conflict up for yourself not true think this might be real might be something oh what do you know why do things need to change don’t make it more complicated fine the way it is confusing yourself you’re just making it-*

“So why the sudden gender question? Something...on your mind?” Tubbo asks and Ranboo thinks his heart stops beating for a minute straight. *Fix it fix it fix it hide don’t let him see gonna leave when he sees how much of a mess you are*, and his claws dig in harsh to the soft wood of the countertop, mind tripping over itself trying to find an out and thank fuck, but Tubbo still sounds a little distracted, which is good, *you can use that*, and hammering his voice into something that’s normal and bored, Ranboo hums, “Not really, just curious I guess. Sorry for the random topic change.”

The sounds of writing stop completely and the kitchen gets really quiet, Ranboo bowing his head because he can feel Tubbo staring at his back and maybe there used to be a time when he could do this better, could pull mask after mask up and get away with whatever he wanted, but it’s not like that anymore.

And Ranboo knows he doesn’t sound as half convincing as he wants, *voice still shivery at the edges and after so long together he can hear it*, knows he looks like everything is the furthest point from *fine*, *could read your tells even way back at the start shoulders stiff tail a rigid line he sees you*, and he knows that Tubbo knows he’s *lying*.

They had to talk about a lot of things before they got married the second/third time, and one of the big parts they agreed was key to a healthier relationship was that they had to get better at communicating, *their feelings thoughts issues and problems they were dealing with the whole shebang*, which meant Ranboo had to stop trying to gaslight Tubbo and also himself.

But mostly Tubbo.

“Sorry...” Ranboo coughs weakly, hands really starting to shake like mad as he tucks them close to his chest, claws worrying at the soft knit of his sweater, “S-Sorry I just- I-I haven’t- I don’t k-know *what*- I...I’ve been a little a-all over the place- *more so than usual* and I, I-I just don’t *know I*-”

A chair scrapes loudly behind him and Ranboo huddles into himself, shaky exhale leaving him when he feels two warm arms loop across his back, *pulling him closer always pulling him closer*, fire bright fingers touching gently at his cheek next. “Hey, hey Boo, s’okay. You’re okay, I’m right here, m’right here amore.” Tubbo soothes, gently turning Ranboo’s head so he’ll look at him, smiles soft and so unbearably sweet when he does, “Hey there stelledore...what’s cookin’ good lookin’?”

Ranboo can’t stop the startled bark of laughter that tumbles out of him, *pressure easing up out of his chest like a bank of storm clouds clears in his mind love you so much sunshine*, and he grins wobbly but it grows easier as he settles back against Tubbo’s arms, “Mmm, nothing much right now, I’m afraid. I’m being a bad husband.”

“Nah. Factually *incorrect* there Boo boy, you’re the *best* husband actually.” Tubbo enunciates by squeezing him quick, one hand coming up to thump lightly around his collarbones, “Top quality man right here.”

Unease shoots straight down his spine like a photon blast, makes all his hair ruffle unpleasant and Ranboo must make a face involuntarily, because Tubbo pulls back a little, brows drawing low over his eyes in worry. It doesn’t take long, Tubbo is smart, *so incredibly smart love the way his mind works but not right now*, and the confusion in his eyes starts to melt away into something like dawning understanding as he puts it together.

He knows he knows he knows, Ranboo thinks and sighs shaky, knows it won’t do anything but turns quick to hide behind a curtain of hair anyway, “I-It’s *nothing*. Um. M-My head’s just being dumb, it’s fine...don’t worry about it.”

“Mmm you sure?” Tubbo hums softly after a minute, propping his chin up on Ranboo’s shoulder, timbre of his voice rumbling through the contact, “Because it...kinda sounds like it might not *be* nothing.”

It is most decidedly *not* nothing, *yes it is you’re making shit up no I’m not yes you are no I’m not yes no yES UGH SHUT UP*, cyclical argument in his head stalling his tongue over whatever Ranboo could think to say, *doesn’t know how to explain*, and his hesitance leaves it very still and very quiet for Tubbo to murmur, “Hey...you know I’ll love you always, right? Doesn’t matter what you...wanna go by, o-or be called or whatever.”

Logically Ranboo knows that somewhere, but it struggles to hold up against the snarling storm of anxiety that whips about in his mind, and Tubbo knows that because he *knows him*, tips their heads together and stresses, “I married you because I love *you*, no matter what, when, where, *or how*...I love you always, Ranboo. You’re my *cariad*, *you’re my always*.”

And that’s it really, the piece he was missing, the key that fits into the lock of all his fucked up confusion, because at the end of the day, this is still Ranboo’s thing to figure out on his own, *something he needs to do for himself*, but he’s not alone with it.

He...hasn't been on his own for a while now actually, ever since he first took that outstretched hand, let it yank him up and out of everything he was and used to be, let it pull him in the right direction of all that *could be, the person you always were supposed to become*, and he found his way from there but never alone, that same hand sliding between the fingers of his own, walking that path with him.

Cariad, Tubbo said, *cariad*, Ranboo agrees, *together*, is what they both mean.

So they go together, *hand in hand side by side like how it was always supposed to be*.

I don't know what I am, Ranboo admits in the kitchen that night, vegetables and empty stewpot left forgotten on the counter as Tubbo pulls them to the living room, all four of his hands laced through Ranboo's two, walking backwards down the hall with the softest smile and a tightening of sun hot fingers that burn like a forge but have never judged, and murmurs, *that's okay*.

I don't think I'm a man, Ranboo whispers in the black fog of early morning, constellations dimming overhead as the sun gets ready to rise, but there's already a star bundled against his side, leaching heat and love like he's never felt before and never will again, and Tubbo looks up at him with all of creation reflected in his eyes and hushes, *that's okay*.

I don't know who I am...but I think I know who I want to be, Ranboo says into the wind that sweeps over the hill their house sleeps under, a riot of fire bright leaves tumbling past and getting caught in his hair, quick clever fingers plucking them loose as they braid the whole tangle of it back, copying the same style his mother used to wear, and Tubbo's voice is softer than the breeze and brighter than the leaves as he asks, *that's okay...tell me?*

And Ranboo does, sits with Tubbo at his back and all of Avelare spread out before him, smoke rising lazy out of little crooked chimneys that disappears in the wide open blue sky just like the words that tumble endlessly out of his mouth.

At first, it's a little like he's stumbling blind through turned around thoughts and feelings, but the more he works through it, the more they start to straighten out, and it's how he doesn't mind being seen as masculine but doesn't like being a man, but he also doesn't really feel like a woman either or an androgynous mix of both.

Maybe he's a little bit of everything, *maybe he's a little bit of nothing*, Ranboo doesn't know but he thinks he will eventually, and for right now, he likes wearing overalls with patches on the knees some days and flowy hand embroidered skirts on others, is learning to cook even though he's bad at it, will keep doing target practice and fixing things because he *is* good at that and it makes him happy.

He thinks he'll...*just be himself*, whatever that's coming to mean, and the prospect of having the freedom to find out makes something jump to life in his chest.

"You still good with masculine terms sometimes or nah?" Tubbo asks from over his shoulder, gentle tugging against his head here and there as he braids Ranboo's hair back, and it's a simple question, but it makes gross mushy things wiggle to life under his bones and Ranboo flexes his fingers contentedly, humming soft, "Y-Yeah that's fine. I don't mind as long as it's

not, ya'know...I-like you're saying it because I'm *me* and not because I'm a m-man, which I am, *um- n-not*."

"No you are not." Tubbo agrees easy, and that's the first time anyone else has said it out loud, *has acknowledged it supporting you acting like it's real and it is it is it is Ancients it is*, and the tuft at the end of his tail poofs excitedly, shaky elated *breathless* exhale falling out of his mouth that's not really a laugh but also isn't really anything else, and Ranboo is happy.

He is so *unbelievably happy*, and shivery, and tingly and bouncy a-and *warm all over* and just-!

Alive.

He is alive and living and the star that thrives at the center of him thrums ecstatic, tendrils of light curling under his skin and weaving tight over his heart, so *much* boundless joy roiling in him, he thinks he could clap his hands together and pull them back apart with an entire new galaxy spinning between his fingers.

There's a quick tug at the end of his hair and then fire bright hands are smoothing down his arms, two snarling up with his own, lacing greyed out fingertips with pale ones marked by shiny pink burn scars, pointy chin digging into his shoulder and gentle words at his ear, "There...all done. Anything else, stelle? Anything...*new* you wanna go by or have me call you?"

Right, r-right that's a thing, that is a thing he can do now, *a thing you could always do but just never saw it as a possibility never thought it was allowed never knew it was something you wanted*, and Ranboo has to think for a second. He likes his name well enough, *not because of where it comes from but because of how everyone he loves and cares for says it loves it for what it's come to mean to him*, but there's other things, smaller, little everyday things that can change and have a much bigger impact than he originally realized.

"Um, would you...w-would you mind uh, u-using they and t-them with me? Sometimes? N-Not all the time but just like- *y-yeah*, just like whenever?" Ranboo stammers, suddenly *very* nervous but turns to look at Tubbo anyway, and the jittery prickling sandstorm brewing in his head starts to settle a little seeing the way Tubbo's smiling at him, nothing but the softest adoration glowing in his night dark eyes.

"Of course, amore. Anything for you, *always*." Tubbo pulls lightly at their joint hands, brings them up to rest above where Ranboo's heart beats like *mad*, upper set of arms snaking around him in a grounding hug, and squeezes once. He tips his head to the side, cariad braid proudly hanging down behind the ear that has the twin earring to the one in Ranboo's own, *stars and suns one and the same always and forever yours only one for me and I'm the only one for you love you always Tubbo love you forever-*

"*This-* is my *spouse*, Ranboo." Tubbo begins in a cheeky drawl, but it runs slow into all the kind and wonderfully warm places Ranboo has come to learn are his to have, and he can scarcely breathe as he listens to his cariad murmur summer soft, "They're one of the most incredible beings I've ever known and I love them so very much."

Something stops, something starts, *something begins anew*, and Ranboo laughs like he's just been punched in the gut, but it's a good feeling, *Ancients is it a good feeling like something that was missing slots into place*, and he thinks that...*they*, they think that they really like the way that sounds.

Chapter End Notes

hugs

As always, thank you for reading and loving these little pieces of me.

Catch ya on the flipside

Customs Form 6059B

Chapter Summary

Follows an unspecified amount of time after previous chapter. Pertains to Tubbo, anxiety, and the worst thing in the galaxy, government bureaucracy surrounding imports.

Chapter Notes

Rises out of the depths like a coelacanth, hey how's going.

I know it's been a while, but I took a short (mandated lol) break from writing my book and decided to use the free time to polish up some WIPs, which includes this little addition to Lost Logs! It's been a really long time since I've written these characters, but I hope you enjoy. I certainly did enjoy writing Tubbo dealing with space customs <3

Gentle and loving reminder that all tags are referenced and discussed throughout the work, so if anything is triggering, please read with caution.

TW// PTSD mention, anxiety issues, government bureaucracy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There are many things to love about Avelare but most of those things are counted in the ledgers of starry eyed off-worlders and then the little old nonnos who've never known anywhere else. For Tubbo, and a lot of the other town youth, Avelare was the sleepest, most boringest, most- *absolutely completely exhausting* place to *ever* call home, and yeah, his perspective has shifted a bit since he was a shithead teenager, but Avelare is still *small*.

And small's not bad!

Small and quiet and out of the way is very appreciated now that he's tired of being shot out of the sky, but the reality of *small and sleepy* leaves a lot to be desired.

Like- *okay*.

There's no official port in Avelare so there's no one to run air traffic control whenever he's leaving the atmosphere, and that becomes a problem when you've got a fifty/fifty chance of a fucking Niroxan dreadnaught dropping out of lightspeed right on your head. So. Tubbo then has to *illegally* tap into the Sunfleet comms channel and he's usually good about making sure it goes only one way, but he's pretty sure he fucked that up one time and that this entire

section of the fleet heard Ranboo call him in an overly done-up *annoying as all hell* voice, ‘my darling little bee-bee girl’.

And he would sooner *reinter* himself back in Deosorum before letting *anyone* hear him being called something like that again.

(Also, *sidebar*, not that he doesn’t love his husband *so very earth shatteringly much*, but the dude is such a sap, they are a complete and utter pile of lovey dovey mush, and Tubbo can only take so much of the oogies before he has to put his foot down and be like- *hi honey dear darling my stars overhead can you maybe not call me your tiny little honeypot of everlasting love even if its quote-unquote ‘for the meme’ my best friend will not stop tormenting me with it k thx luv u*)

But that’s mildly beside the point, and Tubbo can deal without air traffic control but what he *cannot* deal with is how Avelare doesn’t have a spaceport. Like none at all. And yes he lands there frequently anyway, has built a nice hangar for his pride and joy, but no one *else* is landing here, *especially not any large shipping carriers*, and that becomes an issue whenever he has to source parts from off planet and under uh- *mildly dubious pretenses*.

In the past, Tubbo probably would’ve just flown out and picked things up in person, had himself a nice little impromptu smuggling run, but ever since he woke up with charred skin and a shattered arm and a destroyed ship, and then months later, getting tassed and arrested and tossed headfirst into a cold, windowless cell, he’s not doing so good with things that get his pulse racing anymore.

Which! He is. Working on? Or he’s really trying to, but shit is hard and life is complicated and he’s been talking on and off with a brain guy, and xey’re real understanding about Tubbo’s seeming lack of committal, meet as many times a week- *or month* - as Tubbo deems necessary and never tries to pressure him into doing more.

Honestly, Tubbo’s not sure how well these talks with Ei’rk have even been helping, the dude has probably learned more about combustion compression systems than Tubbo’s fucked up brain but xe never tells him to shut up or to change subjects and ya’know...it’s just...
ya’know.

He’s trying.

All this to say though, that while Tubbo loves Avelare in all its quaint, *pastoral glory*, it’s still lacking a lot of amenities a larger city would have, namely an intake warehouse for off-planet imports, and it makes his life unnecessarily difficult because of it.

The line moves up by one space and Tubbo is elated for all of two seconds until he comes to a stop again, and once more has the urge to eat every piece of loose scrap in his pockets. “Seriously what the fuck- *what the fuck what the fucking fuck fuck fuck FUCK-*” He bitches under his breath, craning his head out past the side of the line to see how far he is from the help desk...customs’ officer *booth thingy*, and is distressed to see he’s still like ten people back.

Checking his handheld does *not* help either. No one has messaged him in the last- *Queens past it's only been five minutes you're going to die here* - and he angrily clicks the thing off, has to fight the impulse to fling it at the person in front of him. Hey, it's nothing personal, but Tubbo's maybe hoping if he can knock the guy unconscious, that *should* disqualify his place in line and then Tubbo gets to move up one more spot, and short of selling the Eshachi, there is very little he would trade to be at the front of this line right now.

He starts trying to bargain with himself then, like, *is this worth it is this fucking ship part really worth it*, and the convenience of not leaving the planet versus the mind numbing torture that is Niroxan bureaucracy very nearly cancel each other out. They both suck. *He doesn't want to do either*, but if he and Ranboo are serious about reverse engineering End Crystals, and they fucking *are*, then Tubbo needs this shipment of 'booster coils' that's actually hiding a very hard to find, *very illegal* Sunfleet engine part.

The fucking thing cost him basically like an entire year's salary, which is hyper distressing because he's so completely damn broke now and that means Tubbo's got to start flying missions again, *soon now yesterday do it already get it over with get in the cockpit cadet-* and the only problem with that is he feels like his heart is going to explode just thinking about it.

Tubbo shuffles his handheld back into his lower set of shaking hands and clicks it on to check the date, and yeah, he should probably message Ei'rk whenever he gets back to the village.

The line kinda heaves a bit then, and he deludedly thinks they're moving up, *please please PLEASE Queens get me the fuck OUT OF HERE*, but no, it was just the guy in front of him shifting forwards and Tubbo can't stop himself when he chucks his handheld at the floor and flings his head back, groan-wailing his miseries to the warehouse ceiling.

People look at him.

Tubbo gives them all four middle fingers for their troubles.

After like- *and he shits you not he timed it* - but after like a *fucking HOUR*, Tubbo *finally, BLESSEDLY*, makes it to the front of the customs line. He's so lightheaded from euphoria he thinks he's drunk off it, doesn't think a single damn thing could ruin this moment of *utter triumph*, and then he sees which Sunfleet officer is sitting behind the desk and very nearly about-faces and walks right the fuck out of the warehouse.

"*Underscore.*" Fuzz Face Bitch Ass Dick Head McGee says, and that's not her name but it *might as well be*, and honestly contemplating some mild manslaughter, Tubbo grinds his teeth together and tries not to claw his eyes out as he seethes, "*Derlane.*"

"That's *Officer Derlane*, to you, *deserter.*" She says all cold and prim and proper like a *bitch*, sits up straighter in her chair and glares down the length of her muzzle at Tubbo, dark emerald ruff of her mane pulled out of her eyes in that classic, *I have a stick up my ass*, Sunfleet style.

"Okay *first off*, I was *arrested*. I didn't desert. So if you're gonna insult me, at least get your fucking facts straight." Tubbo demands, striding right up to the plexiglass window and angrily stabbing his right index fingers against the countertop, "*Secondly-* if I *hadn't* come to

my senses and had *stayed* in your *miserable bootlicking fascist regime*, I would outrank you by now. So maybe let's cut all the, *high and mighty crap*, m'kay? *Officer Glorified Postal Worker?*"

Officer Glorified Postal Worker, *AKA Envy Derlane*, does not seem pacified by this epitaph *either*; black tipped ears flicking back in a rare show of honest emotion before she quickly schools herself again, hostile still, but rigidly professional in the way that Sunfleet *always* drills into its officers. She smiles. *It's horrible*, all blood red gums and snarling canine teeth, and her voice, when she does speak, *sounds like it crawled right out of the sunny gates of customer service hell-*

"Good afternoon, serah! Sunfleet welcomes you to the Meadiella Plantside Customs and Freight Offices. We are *happy* you've chosen us as your shipping partner, for after all, the Sun's Rays Shine the Brightest! Ha ha ha!" Envy doesn't blink the entire time, head slowly tipping to the side like a predator scrutinizing its prey, "Is there *something* I can *help* you with today, *serah?* Do you need to pay an outstanding balance on a shipment, or perhaps, would you like to fire yourself into *the nearest galactic void?* Or are you simply here to be a *gluteus acne vulgaris?*"

Tubbo has no idea what she just called him but he'd bet all the credits he *doesn't* have that it wasn't a compliment.

He rakes a hand down his face and uses another to pinch the bridge of his nose, counts to ten before he can manage in a high-pitched, forced sounding voice that's at least sort of polite, "No. *Thank you!* I'm just here to pick up some freight so if you could *please* just release it and then I can get the fuck out of here and *you* can stay the fuck here *and then we don't have to continue looking at one another!* Sound good? *I think that sounds great-!*"

"No." Envy says in the boredest, *flattest* tone imaginable.

"N- no?" Tubbo parrots in the most perplexed, *kinda manic* tone ever.

"No." Envy agrees like it's fucking- *crazy person day*, and you're just supposed to say *insane shit on purpose*, and maybe it *is* crazy person day, because Tubbo just leans closer to the window and demands in near hysterics, "*NO?*"

"Congratulations! You *in fact* know how to say the word that most infants learn in the first quarter of their growth cycles-!"

"*Queens of the-* stop it! I have been waiting in this *fucking* line for- *like- two hours! TWO HOURS.* I have my paperwork, *I have the shipping manifesto which you didn't even ask for*, so what *do you mean 'no'?* 'No' to FUCKING WHAT YOU STUPID-!"

"Serah, I understand if you're feeling frustrated, but if you cannot get control over yourself, I'll have to call security." Envy says but pulls a datapad across the counter towards herself and starts tapping at it, claws clicking against the screen as she flaps her other hand open, "Papers please."

Tubbo thinks he short circuits, “So you told me ‘no’ just to- *what? FUCK with me?* You’re... you’re actually mental, you know that? Like I think whatever bleach Sunfleet uses to strip their uniforms of *any* color has leaked into your brain, you’ve got bleach brain Derlane.”

Rolling her eyes so hard, Tubbo hopes she sprains something, Envy clicks a claw against the counter until Tubbo slaps his papers down and then she pulls them back behind the window. She taps them into neat order, barely even glancing them over before she turns in her desk chair and promptly... *feeds all his forms into the paper shredder built into the counter next to her station.*

The last sheets disappear with a grating squeak and a flurry of white confetti before Tubbo can even really process what’s happening.

Once his shellshocked brain manages to understand what he just saw though, the emotion that runs through Tubbo is unique in that he’s never felt it before and that he also feels like all of his veins exploded at once due to catastrophically high blood pressure!

Fucking- *neato burrito!*

He hates Sunfleet he hates Sunfleet he hates Sunfleet he hates Sunfleet he hates Sunfleet HE-!

“Now. To answer your questions in order; no, I did not just tell you ‘no’ to quote-unquote, ‘*fuck with you*’. We stopped accepting paper forms and manifestos over three cycles ago, which you would *know* if you bothered to visit our *website* and locate the *appropriate information* before coming here.” Envy says primly, swiping leftover scraps of paper into her palm before dusting them into probably a trashcan, “Secondly, no, I do not know I am mental because I am not. I have received a clean psych evaluation every year and I routinely check up on my mental health. And lastly, Sunfleet uniforms are only sent through chemical cleaning where needed, but the overall brilliant white color is thanks to the natural radiance of the candidissinum grown on Aegypti, and not, *rigorous amounts of chemical alteration.*”

Sitting up straight in her chair, Envy folds her hands on the desk and ruffles her draconic wings a bit, dark horns gleaming dangerously as she inclines her head, “Also, no amount of bleaching an article of clothing would impact mental fortitude, because bleach does not ‘*leak into the brain*’ as you have so inaccurately stated.”

Put the lid on the pot put the lid on the pot put the liD ON THE MOTHER FUCKING POT, blares through Tubbo’s mind in an attempt to halt the murderous *stupidity* he can feel howling just behind his teeth, *do not pull your blaster do not punch the window do not threaten her for the love of your stupid neck CONTROL YOURSELF.* It is an absolute labor to do that though, and even trying to regulate his breathing is difficult, but with hard fought for self-control, Tubbo manages to roll his emotions back, bundles them up into a tight, *furious*, bundle and tucks it away at the back of his brain.

Later he’ll do something about that, *later he’ll beat the shit out of some metal back at the shop imagine it’s a smug-ass emerald green snout and then maybe his hands will stop shaking sit down shut up know your place not NOW*, but for the moment, he looks at Envy for a loss of words and barely manages to grit out, “So *what...* am I... *supposed to do...* now?”

“Well for starters you can visit our website, QQQ dot Sunfleet dash customs and freight offices dot emp, and *fill out the forms I just mentioned.*” Envy says in a slow drawl, eyebrow arched like that should’ve been obvious from her early tirade which Tubbo only remembers snippets of, “Also, don’t forget to include a notarized upload of that shipping manifesto, along with valid imperial ID, otherwise the order can’t be processed. Once that’s done and you’ve paid any import fees, I can release your cargo.”

Mopping one of his hands over his face, Tubbo digs knuckles harsh into his pounding forehead, seething, “You just *shredded* my shipping manifesto.”

“And you can’t generate another one?” Envy quips, but she pulls up her datapad and begins tapping at it before making a displeased face, “Unfortunately I’m not able to print you another one as you haven’t uploaded the original into our *electronic database-*”

She tips her head up and gives him a meaningful look before her eyes flick back to her screen, “-but I’ve flagged your order as priority. When you return tomorrow, there should be less of a processing time for your order, provided you’ve uploaded the *appropriate* documentation to the *appropriate* channels.”

“Yeah okay, *sure*, that’s fine I guess but I still don’t under- *wait, tomorrow?*” Tubbo demands, hands dropping to his sides and fanning out incredulously, *surely he heard her wrong*, “I have to *come back here? Tomorrow?* But that’s-! *T-That’s such BULLSHIT!* I had everything I needed and it’s not *my fault* you shitheads changed *your fucking system!* Why can’t I just fill out the forms right now? I have a copy of the manifesto saved on my drive, *I can just email it to you-!*”

But Envy holds up one of her hands, looking particularly scandalized, like Tubbo just suggested he perform an Induvian silkworm dance instead of send her a *file* off his *handheld*, “*Serah.* That is *completely* inappropriate and a breach of Sunfleet policy on *several* accounts. We have a system in place for you to *properly* upload your documents and I *kindly ask that you make use of it.* There is no need to result to such... *debauchery.*”

Successfully resisting the urge to brain himself on the plexiglass window separating the two of them, Tubbo folds in half and rests his head on the counter, wheezing out air until nothing is left in him. He grinds his teeth together, thinks he knows what needs to be done and hates that he’s had to stoop to their level, *but fuck he really needs this part*, picks his head up and sighs, “Alright... *okay.* How much is this going to cost me?”

“Well uploading your forms is free, but I suppose if your village doesn’t have a notary, you could use the one here, though, that will be a little above average compared to the market rate for a-”

“No- *I mean like*, how *much?* Is this going to. *Cost. Me?*” Tubbo rubs his fingers together and then pantomimes sliding something under the window, very clear he’s talking about a bribe.

It’s all the same with Sunfleet, *they all want the same thing at the end of the day.* Money, power, *the rest of the universe shackled beneath their feet*, Tubbo knows they do, *he’s lived it he knows what every single one of them is like*, but in perhaps the greatest plot twist of the

day, Envy rears back like he's struck her, so much raw emotion on her face, he's genuinely convinced for a second he's actually... *hurt her*.

"How *dare you, Tubbo Underscore-*" She seethes, ears nailed back to her skull and tail snapping behind her chair in the coiling patterns of a striking snake, hands braced against the counter as she slowly rises to her feet, "I know you hold no love for Sunfleet, *and that is your business*, but don't you come to *my desk*, at *my spaceport*, and accuse me of being an *honorless craven-!*"

"I- *what?*"

"*Do not interrupt me!*" Envy snaps with the force of a drill sergeant, *Queens you think she's scarier than your own sergeant actually*, "It seems you might have forgotten in your time apart, *but we have rules here!* There are regulations and systems in place for a *reason*, and it is my *duty* as an *officer* of the Sunfleet to uphold them! This is a responsibility I take *quite seriously*, and I will not sit here and let you impugn my honor like you have your own!"

Oh for the love of every *fucking ancient Queen that has ever sat her ass on the Nido D'avas Throne-!*

Why, *why* is Tubbo cursed.

Every aspect of his life really. From getting sucked into Sunfleet in the first place, to ditching that for a pseudo-revolutionary group full-blown terrorist group, *to getting a bunch of people killed*, crashing his ship and hurting his fucking husband, to now, here, *today*, in this stupid customs office where he's getting shouted at by the *one* Sunfleet officer outside of Tommy that apparently *has a fucking spine*.

Because instead of being a nice normal *fascist regime employee*, and taking his bribe and clearing his fucking order, Envy decides she's going to continue being the *absolute butt pimple* Tubbo knows her to be, *and have staunchly held morals she refuses to abandon!*

Great!

Awesome!!

Love that for her!!!

It is sort of impressive in retrospect, and not just Envy's apparent lung capacity, knowledge of the Sunfleet Code of Conduct, *or her vocabulary*, but in the way that she really, *genuinely* believes in what she's saying. She believes in rules and order *and doing the right thing*, makes it clear to Tubbo that *no one* is exempt from the system *nor* above it, and as he's escorted out of line and summarily kicked out of the customs office, he starts to think.

About Sunfleet, about who joins it.

About how there's a ton of people *just like him* who felt like it was their best option, *who didn't see another way out*, who wanted to help others and build a better life for themselves and make the universe a little less shit. Altruistic people, *driven people*, people that crave

structure and who desperately need to be a part of something, and there's nothing inherently wrong with any of those things. Sure, those traits have been exploited by a line of selfish emperors and corrupted admiralty, *but you know those traits could be taken and steered towards something different a better tomorrow*, and Tubbo realizes then, *with bomb detonating clarity*, what *exactly* it is Tommy sees in Sunfleet.

If what drove the fleet were actual, *true good intentions*, Sunfleet would be poised to make the most *monumental* galactic impact since probably the Bing Bang.

Planetary disaster aid, relief programs, educational opportunities and *sol-systemwide* scientific collaborations, a way for different people to come together and learn about one another and help others, *the list goes on*. And how insane is that? Realizing that the current largest fascist oppressor really could become a peacekeeping force, protecting the unique cultures of differing planets instead of quashing them, and while the system and half the people upholding it might be corrupt as it stands, *not all of them are*.

Some of them are good still, *like the archaic bacteria that survives in the most sulfuric pits*, they *persist, uncorrupted*, and all Tommy and Eret have to do is *find them, bring them together*, and with his magnetism and their status as heir-

“...*he might do it...*” Tubbo mumbles in a daze, the summer chartreuse fields of Apidae racing by his viewport as he flies blind, lost in the *absolute lunacy* that for *once in his life*, Tommy might've been right about something.

And that, out of every officer that's ever saluted under the Sunlight banner, that has ever marched in step and donned golden bands and carried a weapon in the name of Emperor and *Sun Empire*, *Envy Derlane* might be one of the ones that helps Tommy achieve this insane possibility.

Of a better tomorrow.

Tubbo is still reeling with all of this when he gets back in late afternoon-early evening, coming home to a grumpy disappointed Ranboo who was hoping to get their claws on a new piece of tech, and who, *in complete bafflement*, watches *Tubbo* sit down and start filling out paperwork like he's supposed to instead of instantly screaming and raging. Maybe Envy's form of regiment psychosis is contagious or something, because Tubbo isn't pissed about having to do this, is fully committed to his task and in favor of doing it correctly, *at least*, until Ranboo hovers over his shoulder, and reminds him in stop and start incredulity of a core facet of their lives Tubbo sort of forget about in his imagined reality of heroic altruism.

Because unlike Tommy, him and Ranboo don't have to worry about staining any nice pure white uniform, are both members of the Syndicate, and while neither one of them has open warrants, they're also not exactly law-abiding citizens either.

They're sort of criminals.

“Why not just *steal it?*” Ranboo proposes in the tone of voice someone might suggest for you to not go about breathing underwater, and Tubbo spins away from his terminal with a

contemplative huff, *didn't know why he didn't just think of that*, looks up at his husband and the sly grin curling across his thin lips, musing, "I knew I married you for a reason."

They wait until it's good and dark and three in the morning, spend the time before then ripping the plans for the Meadiella spaceport, marking where cameras are likely to be and any security sensors they'll need to avoid. At first, Tubbo is really scared planning a heist, *even a super low risk one*, is afraid it's gonna trigger his newfound danger avoidant panic, but it's... *not that bad actually*. It's kinda fun, *much like how it used to be*, and bantering with Ranboo, tracing fingers over their holo-screens and thinking of the best ways not to get caught, *to get away with something they're not supposed to be doing*, it's exhilarating, reminds him of who he used to be.

There's something giddy cathartic about lacing up his combat boots instead of his work ones, and though his hands stutter reaching for the blaster hiding in his sock draw, Tubbo ultimately forces himself to take it, tucking it in the waistband of his dark cargo pants.

Early fall in Avelare is still pretty hot, even at night, but Tubbo shrugs on a dark jacket anyway because it's just the *vibe* okay? You don't pull off a heist in only a t-shirt. Where's the *flair*? *Where's the pizzazz*? Though, arguably, if Tubbo was going for pure aesthetics, he wouldn't have left his Syndicate bomber hanging on its peg in the closet, but it's too recognizable, and he's... *not ready for it yet*. What it represents, *what it means putting it back on jumping in the pilot's chair engines rumbling to life under you whine of the guns starting up enemy fire striking the shields have to go have to be fast have to be the best hands tightening on the yoke air tightening in your lungs not yet not yet not ready yet-*

His hands trail off one of the upper sleeves, where the blazing white emblem of the Syndicate is stitched like a brand, and his blaster is heavy in the back of his pants and his handheld is heavy in a pocket, and he knows there's still some work he has to do to be entirely okay again. Tonight is a small step though, and it's both incredibly nostalgic and yet also kinda jarring to be back in the Eshachi with Ranboo, both of them dressed head to toe in black, weapons hidden under clothes and plans to the place they're breaking into held tight in their minds.

"You okay?" Ranboo murmurs as they're flying over dark *dark fields*, and they're not black enough to be the endless starfields of space, but Tubbo's hands shake a little anyway. He coaxes them to relax, *Ranboo's voice reminding him he needs to loosen his hold*, unclenches his fingers and looks across the cockpit, *at his best friend at his husband at his cariad*, smiling at them small but honest and promising equally as so, "*I will be.*"

And he will, *every day will be a little better than the last*, because every day he moves forward, that's another rotational cycle he puts in between him and getting arrested, in between him and getting shot down, *between him and starting that shipyard fire*.

And though he knows he's been guilty of it in the past, this isn't running from his problems, *far from it*.

It's learning to be *okay* with letting go of things that are holding you back, *holding you down*, moving on from memories and places and people that cause you pain, only taking with you the things that matter as you move forward.

As you move on.

Reaching across the cockpit with one hand, Tubbo fumbles blindly looking for Ranboo, and something clunks into place in his chest when he feels cold skin slide along his own, extra long fingers tangling alongside his, and ahead of them, the distant lights from Meadiella grow stronger, glowing brightly in the night like a space station, and maybe one day , *it will be.*

Maybe in a week or two or *five*, they'll be encroaching on the lights of something that is all jagged grey angles and fiery red and orange lines, *white trident emblazoned proudly on the hull for all to see to beware welcome home kid*, or it'll be the running lights of another ship, *countless others different makes different models all with the same color pallet all with the same ID markers painted on their sides we missed you*, or it'll be the glow from a distant planet, *somewhere they've never been somewhere they have no matter what they'll know adventure is in store something exciting awaiting them on the surface a new beginning don't be afraid-*

But for now, *this is enough.*

This soft night and small heist and this hand in his...

It's more than enough.

Chapter End Notes

I don't really have an estimation for when I'm gonna post anything else, but thanks for reading!

Welp, I think that's it for me!

Descends back to the depths of the ocean once more
-Hellen

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!